

*Prof.* Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come, Ile manacle thy necke and feete together: Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

*Fer.* No, I will resist such entertainment, till Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

*He drawes, and is charmed from moving.*

*Mira.* O deere Father, Make not too rash a triall of him, for Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

*Prof.* What I say, My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor, Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience Is so posselt with guilt: Come, from thy ward, For I can heere disarm thee with this stick, And make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Beseech you Father.

*Prof.* Hence: hang not on my garments.

*Mira.* Sir haue pity, Ile be his surety.

*Prof.* Silence: One word more Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What, An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush: Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he, (Hauing seene but him and Caliban:) Foolish wench, To th'most of men, this is a Caliban, And they to him are Angels.

*Mira.* My affections Are then most humble: I haue no ambition To see a goodlier man.

*Prof.* Come on, obey: Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe. And haue no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are: My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp: My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele, The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats, To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me, Might I but through my prison once a day Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th'Earth Let liberty make vse of: space enough Haue I in such a prison.

*Prof.* It workes: Come on. Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me, Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

*Mira.* Be of comfort, My Fathers of a better nature (Sir) Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted Which now came from him.

*Prof.* Thou shalt be as free As mountaine windes; but then exactly do All points of my command.

*Ariell.* To th'syllable.

*Prof.* Come follow: speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.*

*Gonz.* Beseech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause, (So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe Is common, every day, some Saylor's wife, The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle, (I meane our preseruatiou) few in millions Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh Our sorrow, with our comfort.

*Alon.* Prethee peace.

*Seb.* He receiues comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The Visitor will not giue him orefo.

*Seb.* Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit, By and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir.

*Seb.* One: Tell.

*Gon.* When euery greefe is entertaing, That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

*Seb.* A dollor.

*Gon.* Delour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken truer then you purpos'd.

*Seb.* You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore my Lord.

*Ant.* Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

*Alon.* I pre-thee spare.

*Gon.* Well, I haue done: But yet

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager, First begins to crow?

*Seb.* The old Cocke.

*Ant.* The Cockrell.

*Seb.* Done: The wager?

*Ant.* A Laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this Island seeme to be desert.

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ant.* So: you'r paid;

*Adr.* Vnhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

*Seb.* Yet

*Adr.* Yet

*Ant.* He could not misse't.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd.

*Adr.* The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

*Gon.* Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.

*Ant.* True, saue meanes to liue.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks?

How greene?

*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of greene in't.

*Ant.* He missees not much.

*Seb.* No: he doth but mistake the truth totally. *Gon.* But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.

*Seb.* As many voucht rarieties are.

*Gon.* That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speake, would it not say he lyes?

*Seb.* I, or very wisely pocket vp his report.

*Gon.*

*Gon.* Me thinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke; at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

*Adri.* *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

*Gon.* Not since widow *Dido's* time.

*Ant.* Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widow in? Widow *Dido*!

*Seb.* What if he had said Widdower *Endimion* too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

*Adri.* Widow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

*Gon.* This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

*Adri.* *Carthage*? *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.

*Ant.* His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple.

*Ant.* And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

*Gon.* I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

*Ant.* And the rarest that ere came there.

*Seb.* Bate (I beseech you) widow *Dido*.

*Ant.* O Widow *Dido*? I, Widow *Dido*.

*Gon.* Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer Married my daughter there: For coming thence My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too, Who is so farre from *Italy* removed, I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

*Fran.* Sir he may liue,

I saw him beate the furses vnder him, And ride vpon their backs; he trod the water Whose enmity he slung aside: and brested The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head 'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke To th'shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed As stooping to releue him: I not doubting He came aliue to Land.

*Alon.* No, no, hee's gone.

*Seb.* Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse, That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter, But rather loose her to an Affrican, Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

*Alon.* Pre-thee peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise By all of vs; and the faire soule her selfe Waigh'd betwene loathnesse, and obedience, at Which end o'th' beame should bow; we haue lost your I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue (son, Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making, Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your owne.

*Alon.* So is the deer'st o'th' losse.

*Gon.* My Lord *Sebastian*,

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse, And time to speake it in: you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaister.

*Seb.* Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgionly,

*Gon.* It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,

When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

*Ant.* Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or dockes, or Mallowes.

*Gon.* And were the King on't, what woud I do?

*Seb.* Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

*Gon.* I th'Commonwealth I woud (by contraries)

Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke

Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,

And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tith, Vineyard none:

No vse of Metall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:

No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Soueraignty.

*Seb.* Yet he woud be King on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common Nature should produce

Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, felony,

Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine

Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth

Of it owne kinde, all foynon, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subiects?

*Ant.* None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

*Gon.* I woud vwith such perfection gouerne Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

*Seb.* 'Saue his Maiesty. *Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo*.

*Gon.* And do you marke me, Sir? (me.)

*Alon.* Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to

*Gon.* I do vwell beleeue your Highnesse, and did it

to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow vvas there giuen?

*Seb.* And it had not false flat-long.

*Gon.* You are Gentlemen of braue mettall: you woud lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she woud continue in it fise weekes vwithout changing.

*Enter Ariell playing solemn Musike.*

*Seb.* We woud so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy.

*Ant.* Go sleepe, and heare vs.

*Alon.* What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes Woud (with themselves) shut vp my thoughts, I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it:

It fildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

*Ant.*